

RUNAWAY HOME

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway Home" may now be seen at the Star Theatre. By arrangements made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway Home" each week, but also to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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NINTH EPISODE. Kidnapped.

From his concealment amid the shrubbery Ned Warner rose to run forward as the brilliantly-lit limousine, with its gay party of five, swept down the drive of the Villard home. His eyes were burning, he was breathing heavily, and his fingers were curled like claws, for in a moment he would be able to grasp by the throat the black-Vandyke faced bent smilingly over Ned's lovely runaway bride.

At that instant a shadowy figure sprang along from amid the shrubbery, two men and a woman. There was no outcry and scarcely any struggle. Ned Warner found himself suddenly seized from behind, a rough sleeve across his mouth, his arms pinioned. He was lifted bodily and thrown as Gilbert Blye, with the grace and gallantry only possible to a polished man of the world, assisted the radiant June Warner from his limousine.

The deserted groom, his head still held in a vise-like grip, his mouth stopped, saw his bride enter the house, surrounded by the gay group, the darkly handsome Blye on one side and the white-mustached Orin Cunningham on the other.

It was Marie who made the gag to slip in Ned's mouth. Then Marie slipped back of the door. The two men, one apparently a chauffeur, referred to as Henri, and the other a gardener, picked Ned up and followed her. As they passed the brightly-lit library Ned saw June's collar meet her with the height of canine joy, saw Cunningham and Blye making friends with the dog, then saw the twinkling-eyed Cunningham sit in a cosy corner with June and begin an animated tete-a-tete. The chauffeur and the gardener shrunk back in among the bushes with their helpless burden.

There came a high-powered racer whizzing down the drive. The man let himself in with a latchkey, and with his hands in his pockets, strolled nonchalantly into the parlor.

Mrs. Villard, talking with Gilbert Blye and Tommy Thomas, turned and saw she saw the newcomer her eyes widened imperceptibly and a look of concern flashed down across her gentle countenance.

"Well, Bert, you're a surprise," she said. "That's my best trick," he drawled, smiling. "Mrs. Villard perfectly. Hello, Tommy, how are you?"

Villard was impressed as his eyes fell upon the fresh beauty of June. "Mr. Villard, Mrs. Warner," the introduction was very cold, and again that concern flickered for a moment on Mrs. Villard's face as she saw her husband's eager interest. "My companion," she added, and Cunningham, smiling, turned, glancing at each other, smiled.

With a careless nod to Cunningham, Villard walked over to June, and, taking her hand, held it while he smiled down at her with such obvious admiration that the helpless blond and gagged man beyond the library window lurched free from his captors and tugged at his bonds until they almost cut into his wrists.

Marie came back from the corner and motioned. The chauffeur and the gardener, who had been hiding behind the beautiful young girl, who was then smiling her courteous responses to the disconsolate Bert Villard. Marie sped quickly across the hall, and a man in a white dress and opened the door.

"He's not to talk, and he's not to come near the house," she whispered as she caught Ned's indignant eyes fixed on her, and that glare threw her into a panic. "Whatever you do, don't hurt him," she hastily added. "Don't hurt him!"

Outside the door Marie paused. Her eyes were directed until they were perfectly round, and high cheek bones gleamed white. She put the knuckles of her right hand against her teeth and looked over at the garage. She started back, and pulled at her belt, and she started forward, and she turned around in a half-circle. She was well-nigh distracted with the weight of her great secret, was Marie. If she told Miss June that Mr. Ned was in the garage there'd be an end of everything, and maybe it would be all for the best, or Miss June might run away again from such comfortable surroundings, and it would be all for the worse. Marie sat down and pulled her thumb; then she jumped up and pulled the other thumb. The piano began a succession of silvery notes. June was playing, and over her bent the inordinately tall Villard.

"Well," said the gardener in the dimness of the garage, and he brushed his arms. It was all the rest they needed. He turned ponderously toward their captives, whom they had deposited in a corner on a bench. The gardener's one word was a question, an exclamation of relief and an expression of complete and utter bewilderment. He turned broad smile, and his arms hung crooked with muscles.

"I know nothing," laughed the wiry little chauffeur. He was a Frenchman

with an infinitesimal mustache and a quick eye and a childlike joy in everything. "The maid of the charming mademoiselle telephones from the parlor to the study, bringing the man."

"Tomorrow night at dinner," he said, lowering his voice the slightest particle as if the remark were addressed in confidence to her, though the others were crowded round him. "There was an instant of hesitation. "Then about the yacht!" exclaimed Tommy Thomas. She was looking at the wide chest. "Like a snake and a bull, we creep up behind the interloper."

We pounce upon him so, like a cat. No! Like a cat and a hippopotamus. We bear him to the earth. Mademoiselle trips lightly from her car, a vision, a dream, a ravishment!" And he waited a kiss to the general abstract of beauty. "The charming mademoiselle is safe. The interloper is here. Voilà!"

Wide June reached his hand into his pocket for a pipe and glanced over to the man who stood in the corner. "Well," he said.

"Wait," replied Henri. "I shall sit here placidly. I shall smoke a cigarette; perhaps I shall think."

Ned Warner stirred impatiently. He gave another tug at the ropes which bound his wrist, but it was only an effort to make him more determined to free himself.

He gave a sudden wrench at his bonds, struggling so fiercely to loosen them that he rose and reeled toward the door.

June Jansen stopped Ned from falling. In a split second she was on her feet, and she was jumping up, and she was cracking his heels together, and she was snapping the fingers of both hands.

She gave the grand plan to dispose of the interloper! We shall teach him a lesson. He pointed to a car. June Jansen stopped and circled one arm around Ned Warner's middle, and she deposited his violent load in the tonneau.

Marie, in the pantry hall, stood wringing a corner of her dainty little lace apron; then she dashed back into the servants' hall and folded her arms tightly upon the hollow at her waist. She dared not leave Mr. Ned where he was. She dared not do anything, and yet she must!

She burst out of the rear door, was across the porch in two strides, down the steps in one jump and went swishing for the garage. As she came the touring car shot from the opposite door and went whizzing up the drive, Henri in front and in the tonneau Ned and June Jansen.

CHAPTER II.

At parting, Gilbert Blye held June's hand between both his and patted

her black eyes glowing down at her, and he was smiling upon her that suave smile which she had come to trust.

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THE PICKFORD FAMILY IN THE MOVIES

Little Mary's Not the Only Pickford in the Spotlight now; There's Lottie and Jack, Sister and Brother of the Famed Star of the Photoplay--Fat, Jovial John Bunny; More About Him, His Inimitable Face--An Epitaph in Verse, to the Once World Popular "Heavy" Man.

Three Pickfords In Pictures Now

What the Drews and the Barrymores and the Jeffersons are to the stage the Pickford family bids fair to become in the photoplay. Mary Pickford has been the particular star of the screen almost ever since there was a screen. And that doesn't mean such a very long time, either, because Miss Pickford is just 21 years old.

However she started in when she was 15 years old. Not so many days ago a picture was exhibited in Washington featuring a Lottie Pickford, and people were informed that Lottie was Mary's sister. A little later there came a picture with Jack Pickford, who was presented as Mary's brother.

Now that all the Pickford family has been placed before the public, stars are to be made of them, at least a star is now being made of Lottie, who has had quite as long a stage and motion picture experience as Mary. Lottie Pickford's star has heretofore been a bit eclipsed by the work of her older sister. But she is coming into her own as a real leading lady. She has been satisfied to wait. She has never been a bit jealous of Mary, she declares.

Her style is entirely different from her famous sister's, she declares. As the star in "The Diamond in the Sky," the new American serial film-novel, Miss Pickford is to have the opportunity to create a big part. It was that that drew the attention of the editors of the Photoplay Magazine to her and in the June number that periodical she tells a great deal about herself, and, incidentally, about the family. Among other things she relates that "Daddy died when Jack was a little baby. Mary and I were not much more than 15, my debut on the stage was made at the age of three years. Of course, I could tell you all about it, and what my sensations were, except that I don't remember a thing. I know, however, that mamma had no clink making both ends meet and keeping three youngsters in clothing that would meet the approval of Anthony Costello."

"Mary's story has been published lots of times, and mine is about the same. Usually when Mary had a good part I understood her both ways from Little Eva."

"All of us were with Chauncey Olcott for three years, and I had my first chance as understudy for Mary in 'The Fatal Wedding,' and made good. I had a dandy part in my last year in 'The Cardinal Snuff Box.' It was with the Biograph Company, and I felt very proud because I appeared throughout the thousand feet of it. Since that time I have been with the Independent, Pathe, Vitaphone, Kalem and Famous Players, but I do not believe I will ever enjoy anything so much as those first child parts."

"Last January I came out to California with Mary and the Famous Players. I like the work in Los Angeles, but I know there was no chance of getting very far with that company so long as they were featuring Mary. One Pickford at

a time is enough for any company to feature; so the offer from the American at Santa Barbara received ready consideration. "The Diamond in the Sky" will be the screening of a complete mystery novel, and it will take thirty-five weeks to finish it. So far they have not told us much about it. I guess they want us to help the public do the guessing, as they just carry us along from chapter to chapter.

"One reason why I was so eager to take this offer was because I thought there would be a chance to do stunts, like riding a motor-cycle on a wild chase, or taking an aeroplane flight, or high dives. But mamma says nothing doing on the stunts."

JOHN BUNNY.
York is dead. Boy Hamlet walks forlorn. Beneath the battlements of Elsinore. Where are those quiddities and capers now?

That used to set the table in a roar? And do his haubt-bells beyond the clouds Ring out, and shake with mirth the planets bright? No doubt he brings the blessed dead good cheer. But silence broods on Elsinore tonight.

That little elf, Ophelia, 8 years old. Upon her battered doll's stanch bosom weeps. (Oh, best of men, that wore glad fairy tales!) With tear-buried face at last the darling sleeps.

Hamlet himself could not give cheer or help. Though firm and brave, with his boy face controlled; For every game they started out to play York invented, in the days of old.

The times are out of joint! Oh, cursed spite! The noble jester, York, comes no more. And Hamlet hides his tears in boyish pride. By some lone turret-tower in Elsinore. Not so, but here in Springfield's crowded street. The green's children miss their heart's delight. The proud young newboy bears a heart of lead; The children of the wise and soundly bred. And children of the ragman, mourn their dead. John Bunny acts upon the films of night.

Springfield, Ill., April 28.

Made World Laugh Never Caused Blush

Motion picture producers throughout the world will find much to profit from by studying the methods of the late John Bunny. The genial comedian—the author of the greatest amount of clean fun that has been exhibited on the screen—never appeared in a picture that had the slightest taint of coarseness or vulgarity. The leader in what has been called the slapstick comedy, as well as the more quiet and refined sort, he never resorted to methods that were questionable to secure a laugh.

Coarseness and vulgarity have no place on the screen. There is not the slightest excuse for them. While a few people might laugh, in the long run they destroy not only

the value, the drawing power, of the comedian utilizing them, but likewise the company that permits him to use them in its production. "The Diamond in the Sky" will be the screening of a complete mystery novel, and it will take thirty-five weeks to finish it. So far they have not told us much about it. I guess they want us to help the public do the guessing, as they just carry us along from chapter to chapter.

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Dear Miss June—I am feeling better, thank you. I hope you will excuse me if I take a few hours off. I will be back for lunch. Hoping you are the same, I remain, yours affectionately. MARIE.

She tiptoed out and hurried down the hill to the station, where she caught the last commuter train. Arriving at the city, she sought Officer Dowd and prevailed on him to phone Ned's friends and June's parents that Ned had been kidnapped.

June, in a pretty little morning robe, was busy among the flowers in Mrs. Villard's boudoir window conservatory, arranging a bouquet for her mother's footstep behind her. Turning, she saw Villard towering above her, his hands in the pockets of his lounging robe, and he was grinning.

"Oh!" exclaimed June, startled. "Good morning."

"So this is friend wife's pretty new companion," observed Villard. "Well, friend wife, you have excellent taste."

June moved away.

"Don't be in a hurry," he chuckled. "We must get acquainted. And, suddenly reaching forward, he put his hand under her chin and turned up her face. She jerked away, but he closed the door toward which she darted and, gathering her in his long arms, crushed her to him, raining kisses after kisses upon her suddenly-cold cheek his light grey eyes flaming. Her struggles were futile and her shrieks muffled, but one pair of ears heard. There was a crash of the flash of a long, lithe, white and brown body through the room, and then, with an oath, Villard released his hold on the fainting girl. Bouncer! He had sunk his teeth into Villard's arms, and now he was a whirlwind of canine fury.

The man turned pale with fear, kicking and striking at the enraged animal. "Bouncer!"

That cry from June saved Villard's life, for the dog, with a yell of joy, was springing for his throat and felling the man lay back. The dog stood still, motionless. The man's hand moved nervously. The collar moved precisely as if a wide variety of comedy were being enacted at that time on except to speak.

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